



PROKOFIEV WAR & PEACE

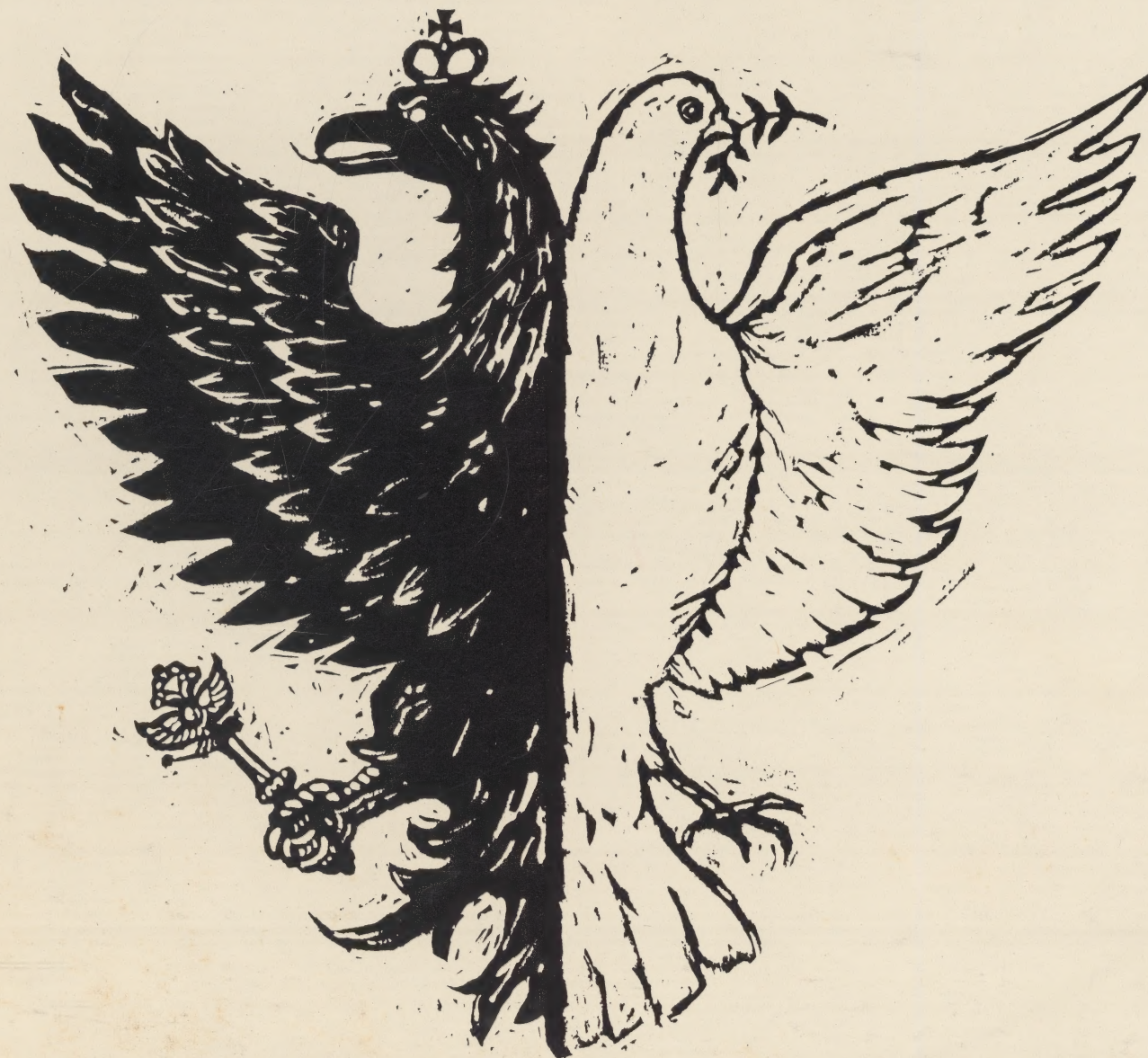
An Opera In 11 Scenes Based On The Novel By Tolstoy

Soloists of The National Opera Of Belgrade

THE VIENNA STATE OPERA ORCHESTRA

THE VIENNA KAMMERCHOR

WERNER JANSSEN, Conductor







SERGEI PROKOFIEV

WAR AND PEACE



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WAR AND PEACE



Music by Sergei Prokofiev

Original Libretto by Mira Mendelssohn, based on the novel by Leo Tolstoi

English Libretto by Joseph Machlis

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CAST:

Natasha	Radmilla Vasovic-Bokacevic
Andrei	Dusan Popovic
Koutouзов	Djordje Djurdejevic
Sonya	Biserka Cvejic
Pierre	Alexander Marinkovic
Anatole	Drago Starc
Napoleon	Nikola Cvelic
Helena	Milica Miladinovic
Akhrosimova	Ljubica Vrsajkov
Count Rostov	Zarko Cvejic
Dolokhov	Vladeta Dimitrijevic
Bolaga	Branko Pivnicki
Peronskaya	Djurdjevka Cakarevic
Vassilissa	Danica Mastilovic

Vienna Kammerchor — Vienna Opera Orchestra

WERNER JANSSEN,
Conductor



WAR AND PEACE



As the Nazi armies were speeding towards Smolensk—the same route that Napoleon's army had followed a century and a quarter earlier—Prokofiev was composing his *War and Peace*. "This opera," he stated, "was conceived before the war, but the war made it compelling for me to complete it. Tolstoi's great novel depicts Russia's war against Napoleon; and then, as now, it was not a war of two armies but of peoples."

The opera occupied him intermittently during the last twelve years of his life. He fashioned several versions before achieving what he felt was the most effective presentation of his grandiose theme. The first version, in four acts and ten scenes, was completed within fifteen months and presented at the Maly Theater in Leningrad on April 18, 1942. Prokofiev felt that the work did not do justice to Tolstoi's vast panorama. His second attempt resulted in a long work that was supposed to be presented on two successive nights. In June 1946 the Maly Theater presented the first eight scenes of this expanded version; the other scenes were never produced. Prokofiev, realizing that he had overshot the mark, condensed the material into five acts and eleven scenes. It is this final version (with a few passages shortened for recording purposes) that is heard in the present album.

The opera includes in its frame both the personal lyricism of the "peace" scenes and the epic-heroic tone of the "war" part. The music veers from romantic expressivity to great choral passages that have a remarkable brightness and outdoor feeling. The opening scene is set in the garden of Count Rostov's estate on a night in May when Prince Bolkonsky, visiting the Count on business, sees young Natasha on the moonlit balcony. Romantic melody in Prokofiev's most lyric vein pervades this episode, which is steeped in nature poetry. The lovely melody associated with Natasha—the "love theme" of the work—makes its appearance here. Scene Two musters all the pomp and glitter of a ball at which Emperor Alexander is to appear. A year has passed. Prince Andrei, melancholy ever since the death of his wife, sees young Natasha again and is struck by her youth and beauty. Swirling dance music and choral interludes add excitement to a brilliant scene in which the destinies of the various characters begin to take their preordained shape.

In the third scene Count Rostov and Natasha, to whom Andrei has proposed, come to pay their respects to Andrei's father. Prokofiev's music vividly delineates the protagonists: the tyrannical old Prince, who had hoped for a more brilliant match for his son; Andrei's sister Marya, who is bullied unmercifully by her father; Count Rostov, who is no match for the old Prince in either social position, wealth or strength of character, and who accordingly takes the easy way out and disappears; and Natasha herself, who is left alone to face the Prince's arrogant behavior. (Andrei is abroad, having promised his father to wait a year before he marries Natasha.) Scene Four unfolds in the palace of Pierre Bezukhov. Pierre's wife, the

frivolous and cynical Countess Helene, fosters the intrigue between Natasha and Anatole Kuragin even though she knows that Natasha is betrothed to Andrei. Prokofiev in this scene shows extraordinary skill in unfolding the action against a gay waltz background.

In the fifth scene the music takes on a dark masculine color. Prince Anatole, as handsome and charming as he is unscrupulous, makes ready to elope with Natasha, and takes leave of his boon companion Dolokhov. In Scene Six the elopement is foiled by the determined action of Maria Akhrosimova, in whose charge Natasha's parents had left her during their absence from Moscow. Natasha realizes only too late that Anatole is a cad, and that she has irretrievably ruined her future with Andrei. There is a touching moment between her and Pierre Bezukhov, as the latter seeks to console her while Natasha, distraught, wishes only to die.

In the second part of *War and Peace*, Prokofiev pointed out, "the people themselves are the hero of the opera." Here the central figure is Marshal Koutouзов, who incarnates the spirit that defeated Napoleon. The music takes on a sterner tone. Scene Seven occurs before the battle of Borodino. Notable are the stirring choruses of the guerilla peasants; the aria of Prince Andrei, who broods on Natasha's betrayal and has a premonition of his impending death; the entrance of Koutouзов, who is greeted with rapturous enthusiasm by the soldiers; and the soliloquy of the idealistic Pierre, who still cannot comprehend the nature of evil. Scene Eight, which takes place during the battle of Borodino, views the action from the French side. Napoleon himself is the central figure. Neither he nor his marshals are easily transformed into operatic characters. One cannot but admire the adroitness with which Prokofiev has carried off this scene. There follows another episode that does not lend itself readily to musical treatment. Koutouзов and his generals hold a council of war to decide whether to defend Moscow against the French or to abandon it. Koutouзов's eloquent apostrophe to the golden towers of Moscow—what impact such a moment must have carried for a Russian audience in 1942!—is one of the finest arias of the opera.

Scene Ten, the death of Andrei, is the emotional climax of the work. The Prince's delirium is portrayed in music of great imagination and sensitivity, as is Natasha's plea for forgiveness and Andrei's understanding. This is one of the great scenes of European literature. Prokofiev nobly met the challenge it posed. The final scene, which shows the defeat of the French and the triumph of Koutouзов, is a massive choral fresco that brings the work to a fitting close.

In *War and Peace* one of the truly creative musicians of the twentieth century undertook to capture the grand gesture, the sweep and elan that are of the essence in opera. This work has proved to be one of the major achievements in the lyric theater of our time.

Notes by JOSEPH MACHLIS

The following text was prepared for the first American production of *War and Peace* in January 1956. While every effort was made to remain faithful to the spirit of the original, the immediate goal was to produce a singable version of the opera rather than a word-for-word translation.

WAR AND PEACE



SCENE I

The garden of Count Rostov's estate "Otradnoe". Moonlit night in May. Prince Andrei Bolkonsky is visiting the estate on business. He is seated at the window, reading.

ANDREI:

Svyetloye visyennoye nyeba
Razvye eta nye obman?
Razvye yest solntsa, visna i schastye?
Syevodnya ya proyechal lyesom
Tam vizdye zilenela
i beryoza i olkha
Pakrylis maladoy listvoy
Yarka is travy zelyonoy
Pistrel i pyervya visyennya tsvyety.
A na krayu lisnoy darogi
Stoyal agromny dup
Zarsshy starymi bolyachkami
Skoryavymi rukami i paltsami
Serditym i prezritelnym urodom
Stoyal on myesh kudryavymi
Beryozami i gavaril kak butta:
"Vesna i lyubof i schastye
Fsyo eta glupy bismyslenny abman.
Nyet ni visny ni solntsa ni schastya".

Gentle night so fragrant and tender,
Yet a sadness fills my heart.
I seek in vain for a glimpse of happiness.
This morning, riding through the forest,
Spring arrayed in all her beauty,
I could see the tender blossoms
Swaying in the fragrant air;
Brightly the flowers welcomed the morning
And gladly opened up their petals to the sun.
Standing before me a giant oak tree
With its body deformed by age,
Its branches heavy with an ancient grief.
How mournful it looked,
And how weary, alone in defiant silence!
Suddenly it came to me that
Life was pain and sorrow...
A voice within me whispered:
"No joy or love, no friendship and laughter...
These are but vain and empty lies!
Nothing but lies and senseless delusion..."

Natasha appears at the window of the upper floor.

NATASHA:

Ya nye budu
Ya nye magu spat
Sonya, Sonya, nu kak zhe mozhna spat?
Vy etakoy nochi nye byvala
Fsyo zatikhlo i fsyo okaminyela.
Pot chornymi stvolami
Siribritsa mokraya sveyzhaya trava.

No, I cannot!
I cannot sleep tonight!
Sonya, Sonya, this is no time to sleep!
I never saw a night so lovely, so glorious.
There is a stillness that covers all the earth.
The trees all robed in black,
And all the earth lies dreaming as in a magic spell!

ANDREI:

Navirkhu tozhe zhyvut i nye spyat.
I apyat ana! I kak narochna!

Someone's not sleeping. Who can it be?
There she is again,
Count Rostov's daughter.

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Sonya, vzglyani syuda
Eta chernovalosaya

Sonya
Charming and like a child so gay—

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Razvye sad pyerid nashim aknom?
Chernoglazaya;

Is that our garden below—or a dream?
Eyes so smiling and bright;

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Sada nyet, yest volshebnoye tsarstvo.
Stranna toninkaya dyevushka!

In its place I see a magic kingdom.
Ah, how innocent and tender is youth!

ANDREI:

Natasha, kazhetsa zavut yeyo

Natasha... I recall her lovely name.

NATASHA:

Ruchey viyushchisa po svyetlomu pisku,

Kak tikhaya tvaya garmoniya priyatna
Skakim sverkaneyem

Katisha ty vreak!
Pridi o muza blagodatna

SONYA:

Vinky iz yunykh ros
S tsevnitseyu zlatoy
Sklonis zadumchiva vo napyenistya vodu.

NATASHA:

I zvuki azhivif, f tumanny vyecher poy
Na lonye dremluyushchey prirody

NATASHA and SONYA:

Kak solntsa za garoy
Plenitelen zakat
Kagda polya f tini
A roshchi adalyony
Kagda s kholmof zlatykh
Stada bigut krikye
I ryova gul grifit zvuchniye nad vodami

O gentle stream, flowing far beyond those distant hills,
How quiet your lovely song, like hidden music.
Through winding banks and leafy groves you flow along—
O, limpid stream, what lies hidden yonder?

How fair the fragrant rose
As she welcomes the tranquil night!
How gently the rippling waters greet the flowers.

O night of May, you enfold me in your soft caress...
O radiant moon, you charm the midnight hours.

How lovely are the hills
When the sun is in the west,
When night flows gently
And the world is veiled in shadows...
The end of the day, when all living creatures go to rest—
And men return in weary silence through the meadows.
Across the sea the sailor seeks the distant shore
And turns his pliant vessel homeward...

She cannot know, she cannot possibly know that I exist.
Ah, what gentle grace surrounds that sweet and charming girl.
Her desire to fly away delights my heart.
She's so enchantingly childlike.
I believed my life was over;
My one desire to calm my troubled mind,
To rest content and free from consuming passions.
What strange thought now beguiles
My weary heart?
Why this sudden surge of ardor that strangely enchants me?
How could I believe that my life was at an end?

No, I'll renounce this madness;
I'll believe that I may still attain good fortune!

I'll believe with all my heart and soul
I'll find my happiness!

ANDREI:

SCENE II
*Ball at a nobleman's mansion. Curtain—Guests dance the Polonaise.
Major-domo runs over to the host.*

HOST:

Khor, pust nachinayet khor!

Chorus, let the song begin!

Turning to General who stands near him

Slava Maladova Batyushkova.

A poem by the young Batyushkov.

CHORUS:

Vy l drugi milye sa mnoyu
Pot tyenyu topoley gustoyu
Z zlatymi chashami v rukakh,
S lyubovyu, družboy no ustakh?
Druzya ush myesyats nad rekoyu.

Oh, sing of life's simple pleasures,
More precious than golden treasures!
Now lift your goblet filled with wine,
And praise the blessings of the vine!
I drink to joyous laughter—

FOOTMAN:

Graf Ilya Andreyevich Rostov!

Count Ilya Andreyevich Rostov!

Count Rostov enters with Natasha and Sonya. Both ladies are dressed in tulle gowns with rose corsages. Grecian coiffures.

CHORUS:

No nam li zdyes iskat pokoyu

Who cares what follows after?

Host addressing Rostov

HOST:

Katoraya vasha doch?

And which is your daughter, sir?

ROSTOV:

Sprava.

This one.

HOST:

Oh, charmante!

Very lovely!

CHORUS:

Kagda spletayut tyen prokhlata.

For joy, for wine, and love—

AKHROSIMOVA: *(To Natasha)*

Maladyets, kresnitsa, pokhoroshela.
Sonyushka, Bon jour!

Ah, my pet, little one, you look so pretty!
Sonyushka, my sweet!

CHORUS:

Ruchi kristalnye i sat.

We thank the gracious gods above.

NATASHA: *(looking around)*

Yest takiye kak my
Yest i khuzhe nas!

Some look prettier than I,
Others not at all.

CHORUS:

Vy, drugi, vy apyat sa mnoyu

Oh, sing of life's simple pleasures—

FOOTMAN:

Graf i Grafinya Byezukhavy.

Count and Countess Bezukhov!

CHORUS:

Pot tyenyu topoley gustoyu

More precious than golden treasures!

PERONSKAYA:

Vot ana, Elen, Tsaritsa Peterburga

There's the fair Helene,
The season's reigning beauty.

NATASHA:

Kak kharasha!

Look, Sonya, dearest, look!

PERONSKAYA and CHORUS:

Pasmatritye, kak za nyeyu
Z zlatymi

Just see how all the men go chasing—
Now lift your goblet

PERONSKAYA and CHORUS:

Uvivayetsa i star i mlat.
Chashami v rukakh.

After her, both young and old.
Filled with wine.

PERONSKAYA:

Kakiye plechi!

My dear, what shoulders!

AKHROSIMOVA and CHORUS:

Da, na nikh kak butto lak
S lyubovyu

They've been polished many years—
And praise the

AKHROSIMOVA and CHORUS

At vzglyadof fsyekh mushchin.
Z družboy na ustakh!

By the eyes of all those men!
Blessings of the vine.

PERONSKAYA, AKHROSIMOVA,

HELENE, ANATOLE, ROSTOV,

Smatritye, Denisof tantsuyet mazurku.

On lyogok kak myachik,

Litya po parkyetu.

How lively, how graceful the sprightly mazurka
As footsteps spring lightly
And hearts are joyous!

DOLOKHOV:

Polkovnik Denisov tantsuyet mazurku.

Kak myachik, kak myachik skolzit po

parkyetu.

Old Colonel Denisov now leads the mazurka.
What skipping and hopping!
How sprightly and dashing!

NATASHA:

Neuzheli tak nikto nye

padaidyot ka mnye?

Neuzheli ya nye budu tantsevat

myezhdu pyervymi.

Can it really be that no one
Will ask me to dance?
Will they pass me and let me sit
By the wall all alone?

Dolokhov runs across the ballroom

DOLOKHOV:

Vals, vals, Medam!

Dance, dance, dance the waltz!

PIERRE:

(Walks to Prince Andrei and takes his hand)

Vy fsyegda tantsuyetye, knyaz

You have always liked to dance, Andrei.

PIERRE:

Tut, yest maya protozhe

Rostova maladaya.

Would you ask a friend of mine,
Young Natasha, the young Countess Rostov?

DOLOKHOV:

Vals, vals Medam!

Vals, vals Medam!

Nu shto Matryosha davolna salopam?

Dance, dance a waltz
Dance, dance the waltz.
And was your gypsy delighted with the sables?

ANATOLE:

Yeshcho by, kha kha kha saboli!

She loved them, yes indeed.

ANDREI:

I ya lyublyu paroy kruzhitsa

v plavnom valse

Mnye vash vastork i vasha

Radost tak panyatny.

Remember that night in May—
The moonlight and the tranquil sky,
And there was such profound peace!

*Prince Andrei approaches Natasha and invites her to dance.
A stream of dancing guests enter the room.
Fast curtain*



SCENE III

A medium sized "salon" in Prince Bolkonsky's old gloomy mansion. A huge "Trumeau" mirror, antique furniture, liveried footmen in wigs.

Enter from the hall Rostov and his daughter, Natasha, who is elegantly dressed and gay.

ROSTOV:
Doma Knyas Nikolai Andreyevich i Knyazhna?

Would Prince Bolkonsky and the Princess be at home?

The Major Domo is silent

Dolozhitye,
Graf Rostov z docheryu

Please announce us, Count Rostov and his daughter.

*Exit Major-Domo
Rostov to Natasha—half seriously, half in jest.*

Nu, Gospodi blagaslavi
Lord help us and protect us now!

NATASHA:
Nye mozhet byt, shtob oni nye palyubili minya
Ya tak gatova zdyelat fsyo, shto oni pozhelayut,
Tak gatova palyubit starava knyazya za to, shto on atyets,
A yeyo za to, shto ana sestra.
Im nye za shto nye palyubit minya!

I have no doubt they will welcome me most warmly.
They know I love Andrei,
And I'll do all in my power to please them.
Now at last I'll meet the old Prince,
His father of whom he spoke so much,
And his sister Marya who loves him so.
Then why should they refuse to love me too?

Enter Princess Marya. She appears embarrassed and fearful as she approaches her guests. Her steps are quick and heavy.

ROSTOV:
Yezheli pazvolitye, Knyazhna, na chetvert chasika
Potkinut vam mayu Natashu
Ya astavil by vas a sam k Akhrosimovoy syezdil
I totchas by vernulsa

If you will forgive me,
I must hurry off awhile;
I will leave Natasha with you.
I've an errand to do;

I'll return very shortly.

NATASHA: *(Aside)*
On prosta baitsa fstrechi s starym Knyazem.

He's simply afraid he'll meet Andrei's father.

MARYA *(To Rostov)*
Ya ochen rada
I tolka prashu vas padolshe zaderzhatsa.

I'll be delighted.
And please be assured there's no need to hurry back.

*Exit Count Rostov
Old Prince comes in, glares angrily at Natasha and leaves without a word.*

MARYA:
Akh, zachem on tak . . .
Akh, zachem portit svoyu dushu svoyu vyechnuyu dushu!

He suffers so.
Pain and grief torment his whole spirit
His pure soul is in anguish.

NATASHA:
Narochna on pridumal payestku Knyazya Andreyu

At last I understand; It was he who sent Prince Andrei

NATASHA and MARYA:
Na god za granitsu shtob na No on star i slab i ya

On this endless year of travel
Still he's old and feeble—I

NATASHA and MARYA:
God nashu svadbv atadvinut Nikak nye smyeyu

He thought by postponing our marriage
Will never dare

NATASHA and MARYA:
Nadyeyalsa on, shto nashi Asuzhdat yeyo. Pashli,

He would truly destroy our love. He hoped
to criticize his acts—Grant me,

NATASHA and MARYA:
Chufstva nye pirinesut Bozhe, Mnye

Our love would not survive
Oh, Lord,

NATASHA:
Isipytaniya takova. Smirennye.

This year of pain and sorrow!
Perseverance!

Enter Rostov. Natasha greets Rostov with spontaneous joy.

ROSTOV:
A vot i ya

Well, here I am!

NATASHA:
Nakanyets to! Payedem, Nam para damoy

At last! Let's go, it's time for us to leave.

ROSTOV:
Seychas, Natasha
Dai khot nyemnozhka pabesyedovat s Knyazhnoy

One moment, Natasha.
Give me a moment with the gracious Princess Marya.

*Natasha remains aside
Rostov joins Princess Marya*

NATASHA:
Kakoye pravo ani imyeyut nye Pazhelat prinyat menya f svoyo rodstvo?

What right have they to examine me?
To see if I am good enough to marry Prince Andrei?
God, if only he were here!
Perhaps this very day he'll return to stay.
Who knows? Perhaps he already has arrived,

Bozhe Moy, yeslib on byl tut!
A mozhet byt on priyedit nynche Mozhet on fchera yeshcho priyekhal.

NATASHA:
Tolka ya safsyem zabyla
On tam sidit v gastinoy.
Ya abnimu yeyo byez robosti
Tak prosta i zastavlyu smatryet
V mayi glaza yeyo iskatelnym i Lyubopytным vzglyadom.
Vernus damoy i vdruk yeyo uvizhu
Yeyo, glaza, litso yeyo, ulypku

Only it slipped my mind.
He may be waiting for me—
And I will embrace him without a care.
I will make him gaze into my eyes
And see before me his beloved face,
With that strange questioning look of his.
In my room I will glance up and suddenly see him—
His eyes, his face, his handsome features wreathed in a smile.

Akh, za shto ya prapadayu tak!
Yeyo seychas mnye, siyu minutu nada.

Ah, I would be utterly lost without his love!
I need him so—now!

Daite mnye yeyo skarey, skareye!

If only he came back at once, at once!

Bayus, sluchitsa shto nibut dalzhno Shto dyelat shtop skarey vernulsa on?
I za nyevo i za sibya za fsyo mnye strashna.

My heart is filled with fear and sadness.
What can I do to make him return?
I am so afraid for him, for myself . . . so afraid.

MARYA:
(Walks toward Natasha)
Sama nye znayu achevo mnye tak trudna gavarit ab etom brakyey.
No kakiye by ni byli mayi chufstva, Ya dalzhna lyubit tu, katoraya vybrana bratom

I hardly know the reason why,
But I find I cannot speak about this marriage.
Yet regardless of my feelings in the matter,
I must try to love this young girl whom Andrei has chosen.

She approaches Natasha with quick steps and takes Natasha's hands. She sighs deeply.

Pastoytye . . . mnye nada . . .
Milaya Natalya, znaitye. Ya rada
Shto brat nashol schastye

One moment, permit me—
I am so very pleased, believe me,
So happy for you and my brother.

Stops, realizing she is not telling the truth.

NATASHA: *(With outward dignity—yet with tears in her eyes. In tearful tones)*
Ya dumayu, Knyazhna, tepyer my Nye stanem gavarit ab etom.

It seems to me that now is hardly
The time to speak of that, dear Princess.

Enter footman with guests' fur coats.

SCENE IV

Living room ("Divannaya") in home of Count Pierre Bezukhov. A ballroom adjoins it with an arch through which dancing couples can be seen.

Helene and Natasha enter the living room. Helene's shoulders are quite bare.

HELENE:
Maya prelestnaya, ocharovatelynaya, Nakanyets, ya vas vizhu v mayom domye.
Kak mozha zhyt v Moskvye i nikuda nye yezdit!
Razvye manashenkoy nivysta byt dalzhna?

My dear Natasha, you sweet adorable child,
I'm delighted you came to my party.
Why should you stay at home in such a brilliant season?
Just because you're engaged,
You needn't hide away like a nun.

NATASHA:
Moy zhenikh . . . vam izvyestna?

Then you know of my engagement?

HELENE:
Shto tipyer vy nivysta adnavo
Is samykh umnykh, abrazovannykh i Dyeyatelnkh maladykh lyudyey.
Kstati . . . fchera moy brat abyedal u minya.
I my pomirali sa smyekhu:
On nichevo, byednyaga, nye yest,
Fsyo vzdychayet, divnaya, po vas
S uma skhodit sofsyem ot lyubvi k vam.

Yes, I heard you will marry Prince Andrei,
Who is most charming. He is very brilliant,
Occupies himself with serious things.
By the way, last night, quite late, my brother came in.
We laughed, goodness me, we laughed at him—
He would not eat and looked so forlorn,
He was sighing, pining for you.
He is madly, completely in love!

NATASHA:
O, shto vy!

How can you say that?

Helene for a moment, turns to entering guests—then to Natasha.

HELENE:
Kak krasneyeyet, kak krasneyeyet maya prelest.

Look, she's blushing!
How she's blushing, my darling!

Enter Rostov

ROSTOV:
Para, para damoy, Natasha, A gdye zhe Sonya?

It's late, Natasha, let's go.
But where is Sonya?

HELENE:
Moy mily Graf,
Eta ni na shto nye pakhozhe.
Vasha doch ukrashenie bala.
Nyet, ya ni za shto nye atpushchu vashu doch.
Pazvoltye zhe ya ugoshchu vas
Modnym frantsuskim abbatom,
I at nyevo my uznayem nyemala Parishskikh novastey.

No, my dear Count,
How can you desert me!
For the belle of my party is Natasha.
No, my dear Count, I will not let her go.
I'll offer a special inducement—
An Abbé who just came from Paris;
He brings the latest gossip,
And news of Napoleon, all for you!

The dancing in the adjoining ballroom stops.

ROSTOV:
Akh, eti novosti!
Chas otchasu fsyo khuzhe dyela s Frantsuzami idut.
Bonapart pastupayet s Evropoy
Kak pirat na zavayovannom karablye.

No news is good news.
This business with the French grows worse and worse from day to day.
This Napoleon treats all of Europe
Like a pirate on a ship that's in his grasp.

NATASHA: *(Alone)*
Chuda, kak kharasha ana, Krasavitsa takaya.
I vidna, shto minya fsyem syertsem lyubit
Izvyestna yey, shto ya nivysta I s muzhem, s Pyerom, s etim spravvedlivym Pyerom,
Oni shutili i smiyalis fsyosh
Ab Anatolye gavarya.
Tak znachit v etom nichevo durnova nyet.

Oh, how gracious and kind she is,
Despite her fame and beauty.
It's plain to see
That the countess loves me truly.
She laughed, although she knew
That I am engaged to Prince Andrei.
And so did Pierre, our noble Pierre,
Who never laughs at anything
That he considers wrong.
Which goes to show that there is nothing bad in this.

(Meditates.)
Stala byt eta nichevo
Dancing in the ballroom resumes. Anatole appears at the Living Room doors, looks tenderly at Natasha.

Very well, I see nothing amiss!

ANATOLE:
S toy pary, kak ya fstretil vas
A vas adnoy ya dumal bespristanno

Fairest one, since that night we met,
I long for you alone,
You, my one and only!

NATASHA:
Nye gavaritye mnye takikh vishchey:
Ya abruchena i lyublyu drugova

I beg you say no more.
You know quite well I'm no longer free,
And I love Andrei.

ANATOLE:
Akh, shto za dyela mnye?
Ya gavaryu, shto v vas vlyublyon Vlyublyon bezumna.
Vy vaskhittelnny,
I razvye ya v etom vinavat?

And what is that to me?
I only know, Natasha darling,
I love you with all my heart.
You are adorable!
What man could resist your wondrous charm?

Takes Natasha's hands

Prichiny tainye nye dayut mnye k vam yezdit

I cannot reveal why I court you in secret —

Natasha glances quickly at Anatole

Ya posle ikh atkroyu vam.

The reason I shall soon disclose.

NATASHA:
Ya nichevo nye panimayu

I do not know what you are saying.

ANATOLE:
Vot pismo, adno lish slova,
I nikakiye sily nye pamishchayut blazhenstvu nashemu . . .

Read this letter, O my darling!
A single word from you
Would give us both eternal happiness.

Kisses Natasha on her lips.

NATASHA:
Mnye nichevo . . .
Mnye nichevo skazat vam

Please say no more!
There's nothing I can tell you.

ANATOLE:
Adno lish slova
Radi Boga!

One word, I beg you, I implore you.

*Exit.
Hides.
Natasha puts Anatole's letter in her bodice, then takes it out.*

NATASHA *(reads)* :
"Reshitye mayu uchast
Byt lyubimym vami,
Ili umeret."
Reshit? Fsyo, fsyo, shto on zakhochet.

"My fate is at your mercy
Will you make me happy,
or am I to die?"
How strange! Ah, I feel his anguish.

Reads
"Lish slova 'da' skazat vam stoit,
One word, my darling, and we will run away together, away forever."
My God! O how could I have allowed things to go so far with me?
Could I endure it to surrender
The pure and tender love of my noble Prince Andrei?
Sweet and selfless his love and devotion . . .

Hides her flushed face in her hands.



Pagibla ya dlya lyubvi yeyo?
F samon dyele, sluchilos, shto
nibut sa mnoy?
No shtosh sa mnoyu bylo?
Nichevo. Nichevo nye sluchilos
I Knyaz Andrei sumyeyet i takoy,
minya lyubit.
Kakoy takoyu?
Akh Bozhe, Bozhe, pravy
Za chem on nye sa mnoyu
Za chem on nye sa mnoyu?

But can this be? Have I lost my love?
What has happened to cause this sudden change in
me,
To bring me grief and anguish?
Not a thing! Nothing, nothing has happened . . .
Prince Andrei still loves me dearly,
Even as I am . . . can I be certain?
Oh God in heaven, help me!
If only he were here now!
If only he were here now!

*Natasha looks in direction of Anatole's exit.
The dancing is resumed in the ballroom.*

Kak blizok, kak strashna blizok
Vdruk stal mnye etot chelavyek.

How dreadful to feel so terribly
Close to a man I hardly know!

Enter Sonya, who for some time has been observing Natasha.

SONYA:
Natasha, a Bolkonsky?
And what about Prince Bolkonsky?

NATASHA:
Sonya, Sonya, ty nye mozheshe etava
panyat
Knyaz Andrei mnye darok, darok,
No shtozh dyelat mnye,
Yesli sivodnye ya tak schastliva!

Sonya, Sonya, you will never understand.
Prince Andrei is dear, so dear to me.
But suddenly my heart leaps
With joy! I feel so happy tonight!!



SCENE V

Dolokhov's study. The walls are covered to the ceiling with Persian rugs, bear skins and fire-arms. Anatole—his coat unbuttoned—reclines on a divan and smiles pensively to himself. Dolokhov—dressed in a travelling beshmet and high boots, sits in front of a writing desk. The desk is open and in front of Dolokhov are piled papers and bundles of money. Dolokhov closes desk, smiles mockingly.

DOLOKHOV:
Kharasha, brat, da nye pro nas.
Padazhdi-ka pakuda zamush vyoyet

She is lovely, but not for me.
You'd be wiser to take her after she's married.

ANATOLE:
Durak. Ty vyet znayesh, ya abazhayu
dyevochek.

You fool, need I tell you
That I prefer them when they're young!

DOLOKHOV:
Bros, prava, fsyo eta, vremya yest yeshcho.

I fear you'll regret this mad adventure.

ANATOLE:
Malodenkikh dyevochek

The young ones are adorable!

Frowning and striding around the room.

DOLOKHOV:
Tibye ya dyela gavaryu.
Razvye eta shutka, to, shto ty zatyeyal?

You still have time to change your mind.
Why not think it over?
This is rather serious.

ANATOLE:
Apyat, apyat draznit.
Pashol ty k chortu, a?

I've told you, I'm not afraid—
No matter what you say.

DOLOKHOV:
Pastoy, f paslyedni ras ya gavaryu.
Razvye tibye ya perechil?
Kto tibye ustroil fsyo?
Kto napisal lyubovnaye paslanye?

For the last time, Anatole,
Think it over well.
Did I not aid in this venture?
Didn't I arrange it all?
Wasn't I the one who wrote that lovely letter:
"My fate is at your mercy
Will you make me happy, or am I to die?"

SONYA:
Nye shuti, fsyevo tri raza
Ty Kuragina vidala.
A yesli on nye blagarodny chelovyek?

Oh what folly, oh what madness!
Please reflect, you hardly know him.
What makes you sure that he is worthy of your trust?

NATASHA and SONYA:
On blagaroden, on dobr i on prikrasen.
Obmanshchik on, zlodzey on, eta yasna

He is so noble—and kind
He is a cheat!

SONYA:
I ya nye dapushchu nyeschastye
Pazoru ya nye dam abrushitsa na ikh
simyeystva

A low coniving scoundrel!
I shan't allow this cad to shame the noble house of
Count Rostov.
And ruin the life of my Natasha!

Rostov returns

ROSTOV:
Paidyom, paidyom Natasha.
Mushchiny i damy v etom domye
Slishkom izvyestny volnym
abrashchenyem.
Mayey Natasha nye myesta byt zdyes.

Come home, come home,
The ladies and gentlemen who come here
Strike me as rather shameless and immoral.
Indeed, this is hardly the place for my daughter.

Exits with Natasha and Sonya.

ANATOLE:
On v imyenii, asvabazhdayet krestyan
I balnitsy zavodit.
Yemu nye nada nas.

He is far away, freeing his peasants,
And busy with noble projects . . .
He can't interfere.

DOLOKHOV:
No kagda tibya pop abvyenchayet s
Rastovoy,
Ty stanish dvoye zhenstem i
Padvidut tibya pad ugalovny sut.

But you are married already—
Don't ever forget it!
This marriage is illegal;
You can be tried and jailed for bigamy—and worse.

ANATOLE:
Akh, glupasti nye gavari, nye gavari!

Bah, foolish talk!
Why don't you stop? Stop it, I say!

DOLOKHOV:
Vaina s Frantsuzami nye nynche zaftra.
Shto tagda?

The war with Bonaparte may
Start any moment.
And then what?

Sincerely perplexed by the thought of the future

ANATOLE:
Tagda shto? A?
Tagda? Nu . . . tam nye znayu shto.

Don't worry, I'll . . .
Oh, I might . . . well, I shan't worry now.

Sits down with legs on the lounge before Dolokhov.

Para, a s syertsem shto takoye, a?
Ty, pasmatri kak byotsa.

It's time! I've never had this strange sensation.
Feel how my heart is beating.

Taking Dolokhov's hand, he puts it on his heart.

O, kakaya noshka.
Vzglyat Kakoy! Baginya!

Ah, my sweet Natasha . . .
Eyes so dark and tender.

*Enter Balaga, making the sign of the cross
as he faces the icon in the corner.
Balaga extends his hand to Dolokhov.*

DOLOKHOV:
Balaga!
BALAGA: (bows)
Fyodoru Ivanychu!

Balaga!
Peace be with you, worthy sir.

Extends hand to Anatole.

Vashemu siyatyelstvu!

God protect you, noble Prince.

ANATOLE:
Skazhi, Balaga, lyubish ty minya?

I say, Balaga, can I depend on you?

BALAGA:
Dlya vasheva siyatyelstva nye ras
Takiye shtuki vydyelyval,
Za katoriye adno slova: Sibir

Your Highness, I have tried to please,
And many a time to serve you.
I pulled such tricks that, if I were caught,
They'd sure put me in jail.

ANATOLE:
Balaga, saslužhi tipyer mnye sluzhbu.
Ty na kakikh syuda priyekhal, a?

Balaga, I count on your assistance.
But tell me now, what horses did you bring?

BALAGA:
Na vashikh, na zviryakh.

The wildest in my stable.

ANATOLE:
Nu, slysh, Balaga,
Zaresh vsyu troyku,
A, shtoby f tri chasa priyekhat, a?

You'll drive your troika faster than lightning.
Though you may run those splendid beasts to death.

BALAGA: (winking)
A kak zarezhesh, na chom dayedish?

If I do that, sir, how will we get there?

ANATOLE: (rolling his eyes)
Ty nye shuti, mordu razabyu.

You stop your jokes
Or I will break your neck!

BALAGA: (Grins)
Ya dlya gaspot sibya nye pazhaleyu.

I'm always eager to please my master.

ANATOLE: (Almost talking recitative)
A! Nu, sadis!

Very well. Come, sit down.

DOLOKHOV:
Shtosh, Sadis!

Come, sit down.

BALAGA:
Ya pastayu.

I'd rather stand.

ANATOLE:
Sadis, vryosh, Pyey!

Sit down, you fool! Wine!

Pours a glass for Balaga

*Dolokhov opens the desk and hands money to Anatole.
Balaga looks with glistening eyes at the wine.*

ANATOLE:
Ny, Fyedy, prashchay, spasiba za fsyo.
Vazmitye stakany. I ty, Balaga.
Pakutili my, pazhyli.
A tipyer, kagda svidimsa?
Prashchay, ribyata, za zdarofye!
Ura!

Dear Fedya, goodbye, and thank you again.
Now raise your glasses—you too, Balaga.
Ah what fun we've had, ah what fun . . .
Who knows when we three will meet again.
Farewell, my comrades, and I wish you good luck.

All drink

BALAGA:
Bud zdarof.
ANATOLE: (Breaks glass on the ground)
Nu marsh tipyer, ribyata!

Here's good luck!
It's time we should be leaving.

Enter Matryoshka—holding a sable coat

ANATOLE:
Shtosh, prashchay, Matryoshka,
krasavitsa

So goodbye, Matrioshka, my little dove.

Kisses her

Ekh, kanyets mayey gulbye tipyer!
Ty mnye schastye pazhelai

Ah, my days of carousing now must end.
You must wish me the best of luck.

*Anatole and Dolokhov exit into hall and to street—
through open door snow-storm can be seen.*

off stage

BALAGA:
Gatova, shtol?

And now away!

ANATOLE:
Pashol!

We're off!

BALAGA:
E—e—ey, Miloy!

Hey, hey, we're off!



SCENE VI

A room in the private mansion of Maria Dmitrievna Akbrosimova on the Staraya Koninshennaya Street. A large glass door opens on the veranda and into the garden. Natasha alone. Looks with anxiety towards the glass door. Duniasha, the servant girl, enters hurriedly.

DUNIASHA:
Oy, baryshnya, galubushka,
Kazhis tipyer prapala fsyo
Barynye Marye Dmitriyevnye
Baryshnya nasha fsyo rasskazali

Oh darling Natasha, your plans have been discovered.
You may thank that cousin of yours.
She informed the mistress of your elopement.

NATASHA:
Kto, Sonya?

Who, Sonya?

DUNIASHA:
Da, oni.

Yes, indeed!

NATASHA:
Nyet, Sonya etava nye zdyelayet.
Duniasha, ty sama slykhala?

I cannot believe that she would betray me, Duniasha.
Did you hear her tell this?

DUNIASHA:
Nyet v dyevichey rasskazyvali mnye.

I did not. But the butler said she told.

NATASHA:
Baltayut zrya tam.
Seychas ani za mnoy priyedut.
Dai mnye platok.

That's silly gossip!
My friend will soon arrive to fetch me.
Bring me my shawl.

Exit Duniasha

Natasha at the door walks after Duniasha

Nikagda Sonya nye smozhet savyershit takoy pastupok!

I can't believe that Sonya could ever be so false to me, so cruel!

Exit Natasha. Anatole appears behind the glass door. He looks around, then opens the door. The butler, Gavril, suddenly appears and bars the way to Anatole. Natasha returns, wearing a kerchief. She sees Anatole trying to hide. Natasha, in despair, falls on the divan, holding her head in both hands. Enter Akbrosimova, holding a note. She steps close to Natasha.

AKHROSIMOVA: (To Natasha)
Kharasha, ochin Kharasha.
V mayom domye lyubovnikam svidanya naznachat!
Ty slushay, kagda s taboy ya gavaryu
Tipyer pritvoryatsa nychева
Ty sibya asramila, kak dyefka samaya paslednyaya.

Very nice! Very, very nice!
You were expecting your lover
Right here in my house.
Please remember your parents
Left you in my care
I know all you did, so don't pretend!
Who would ever think you'd behave like the very lowest?

Natasha does not change her position, but her body begins to tremble from inward, convulsive stifled sobs.

AKHROM:
S kyem voditsa stala? Z Bezukhovoy?
Snto tam nashla?
Chufstva Frantsuskiye, kastyumy Frantsuskiye
Baryni chut nye golye sidyat
Kak vyveski rotgovykh ban
S pazvaleniya skazat
Za lekarishkoy Frantsuskim metivye palskom polzayut.
Ikh bogi Frantsuzy, ikh tsarstva nibyesnaye Parish
Shto tibye dyelat tam?

Look at all your new companions —
Your dear Helene, evil and false . . .
Straight from Paris, all her gowns—
Her morals also very French.
All those women one meets at her parties,
Half undressed, like those you see on the signs of public baths!
How could you ever admire such creatures or enjoy their evil ways?
But surely a house like Helene's is not the place for you!
No, indeed, not for you!

NATASHA:
O staftye!

Please, leave me!

AKHROM:
Ekhn, bida, bida mnye s etimi dyefkami byez materi!
Nu, shto zhe ya skazhu grafinyushkye?
Shto materi tvayey skazhu?

What a task to take good care of a girl whose mother's far away!
Whatever will I tell your dear mama?
Her loving heart would surely break.

NATASHA:
Zachem ana nye zdyes . . .
Ana by ponyala

If only she were here!
She would understand!

AKH:
Schastye malatsa, shto on at minya ushol
Da ya naidu yevo.
Slyshish ty shto li, shto ya gavaryu?

That scoundrel was mighty lucky he got away from me.
But I will find him yet!
Stop all that sniffing, and hear what I say.

Puts her hand under Natasha's face and turning it toward herself is amazed, seeing the sparkling, dry eyes and tight lips of Natasha.

NATASHA:
O staftye . . . shto mnye . . . ya umru.

What's the use? . . . No, no use. I will die . . .

Frees herself and lies down in previous position.

AKH:
Natalia, ya tibye dabra zhelayu.
Ty lezhi. Nu lezhi tak i slushai
Nu, tipyer uznayet tvoy atyets
Nu brat tvoy zhenikh
Ya Knayazya Andrey a s takikh lyet znayu

Natasha, it is of your future I'm thinking.
Can't you see? Please do be quiet and listen.
You must know the news will reach
Your father, and also Andrei.
I've known Prince Andrei since he was this high—

Holds her hand a few feet from the floor.

AKH:
I kak mat lyublyu yevo.

I love him like a mother.

NATASHA:
U minya nyet zhenikha. Ya atkazala

We are no longer engaged. The thing is ended.

AKH:
Fsyo ravno. Nu, uznayut, a yesli duel . . .

Never mind that. And what if they fight a duel?

NATASHA:
Akh, astaftye minya!
Zachem vy fsimu pamishali?

Will you leave me alone!
Oh why did you stop me from going?

AKH: (Excited again)
Da chevo zhe ty khatyela?

Thank your stars that I could stop you.

NATASHA:
Zachem zachem?

O tell me why!

AKH:
Zachem zhe tibya, kak tsyganku kakuyu uvozit?

And why must he secretly take you away, just like a gypsy?

NATASHA:
Kto vas prasil? Kto vas prasil?

Look what you have done! Look what you have done!

AKH:
A on mirzovets nigadyai vot shto

The man is reckless, and a fool as well.

NATASHA:
On luchshe vas fsyekh!

He's the finest of all!

AKH:
Pust on mnye na glaza papadyotsa!

He had better beware of my anger!

NATASHA:
Yesli by vy nye mishali!
Yesli by vy nye mishali!

Why did you stop me from going?
Why did you stop me from going?

AKH:
Pust on mnye na glaza papadyotsa!

He had better beware of my anger!

NATASHA:
Akh, Bozhe, Bozhe, shto eta, shto eta?
Sonya za shto? Vy fsye minya nyenaviditye, prezirayetye.
Astaftye, astaftye.

Father in heaven, pity me, pity me.
I am alone. I feel that all of you
Hate me and despise me.
Oh, leave me to my sorrow.

*Runs off sobbing.
Enter Gavril*

GAVRILA:
Priyekhali . . .

A visitor.

AKH:
Vyet skazana nye prinitam

I told you I was not at home.

GAVRILA:
Graf Pyotr Kirilovich Bezukhov

It's Count Bezukhov. Will you see him?

AKH: (Contemplating)
Bezukhov? Prasi.

Bezukhov? Show him in.

Exit Gavril

Enter Natasha, hands lowered, pale and stern. Looks at Pierre with feverishly shining eyes as if asking whether he is a friend or, like the others, an enemy of Anatole.

PIERRE:
Natalia Ilinichna . . .

My dearest Natasha . . .

NATASHA:
Pravda li shto on zhenat?

Believe me, I'm terribly sorry . . .

PIERRE:
Eta dalzhno byt dlya vas fsyo ravno, patamu shto . . .

Whether he's married or not
Is of no importance.

NATASHA:
Tak eta nyepravda, shto on zhenat?

Then he is not married!
It was a lie

PIERRE:
Nyet eta pravda.

No, it is true.

NATASHA:
Pyotr Kirilovich, ya vam vyeryu vo fsyom.
Dobreye velikadushney vas
Ya nye znayu chelavyeka.
Skazhitye, on zhenat? I davno?
Chestnoye slova?

I have always trusted you as a most devoted and faithful friend:
There's no one more generous and noble.
Please tell me—is he married?
Your word of honor?

PIERRE:
Chestnoye slova.

My word of honor.

Natasha sits down on a chair, motioning to be left alone.

PIERRE (Consumed with pity, seeing Natasha in despair.)
Ya ab adnom prashu vas

May I say—consider me as a friend who is eager to aid you.

Schitaitye minya svayim drugam.
I yesli vam nuzhna budit pomashch,
Savyet ili prosta nuzhna budit
Izlit svayu dushu kamu-nibut

If you need help or any advice,
Or wish to open your heart
And speak without restraint or fear,
Confiding your secret grief,

Nye tipyer, a kagda u vas yasna budit v dushe
Fspomnitye aba mnye.

Not yet—but when you see more clearly into your soul,
I beg of you—call on me.

Kisses her hand.

NATASHA:
Nye gavaritye so mnoyu tak
Pavyertye, ya nye stoyu slof takikh
Pyotr Kirilovich, Knayaz Bolkonsky byl
fsyegda vashim drugam.
Yesli shto-nibut, k vam abratitsa.
Skazhitye yemu shtob on prost . . .
prost . . . prastil minya . . .

Thank you for what you have said to me;
But I am quite unworthy of your kindness.
May I say only this:
Prince Andrei looks upon you as his closest friend.
He always told me that I could rely on you
In time of need and sorrow.
Please ask him for me,
To try to forgive me.

PIERRE (confused):
Da . . . Ya skazhu yemu no

I—I shall tell him so. But—

NATASHA (Apprehensive of Pierre's thoughts.)
Akh, nyet, ya znayu, fsyo Koncnena,
I eta nye mozhet bolshe byt nikagda
No minya tolka to durnaye to zlo.
Katoroye ya zdyelala.
Skazhitye yemu shto ya prashu yevo
Prastit minya, prastit, prastit
Yesli mozhet, prastit, prastit minya za fsyo.

I know it's over, and all that was between us can never never be revived.
But I suffer remorse and endless torment.
The evil I have done to him—
Please tell him for me, I truly hope he can forgive me
For all the evil I have done,
For all his sorrow and despair.

PIERRE:
Ya skazhu yemu, ya fsyo skazhu yemu.
No piristantye, piristantye:
Vsya zhizn fpiridi yeshcho dlya vas.

I shall tell him so, of course;
I promise you.
But why so despairing?
Your whole life still lies ahead of you.

NATASHA:
(With shame and disparagement)
Dlya minya? Nyet!
Dlya minya tipyer fsyo prapala

My life? No, all is lost for me,
lost forever!

PIERRE:
Fsyo prapala?
Yezheli by ya byl nye ya,
No samy luchshi i krasivyeyschi
V mirye chelovyek i byl svoboden,
Ya by na kalenyakh tot chas zhe prosil
ruki vashey i lyubvi.

Lost forever?
If I were not Pierre Bezukhov,
But the noblest, bravest and the most handsome man in all the world,
And still unmarried,
I would now on bended knees ask for your hand,
And most humbly I'd seek your love.

*In agitation—he almost runs out of the room
Natasha remains motionless and alone.*

NATASHA:
Fsya zhizn fpiridi dlya vas . . .
Oh zhenat . . . fsya zhizn fpiridi . . .
Oh zhenat . . . chestnoye slova . . .
Ya khuzhe, khuzhe fsyekh na svyetye

"Your whole life still lies ahead . . .
Anatole is married . . . Your whole life lies ahead . . .
He is married . . . my word of honor . . ."
There's no one so bad as I, so wicked! Ah . . .

Natasha leaves. Enter Akbrosimova and Sonya.

SONYA:
Ana nazvala minya svayim vragam
Ana minya izbyegayet
Ana sibya pagubit

She really believes that I'm her enemy,
And now for days she's been avoiding me!
I fear she'll do something desperate.

NATASHA (off stage)
Sonya, Sonya! Spasitye! Sonya!
Ya umirayu!

Sonia, help me!
Sonia, I've taken poison!



SCENE VII

Before the battle of Borodino. Men build bastions. On a grass-covered hillock, peasant guerrillas attired in white shirts dig energetically and carry the dug out earth in wheel barrows along boards. Among them are Tikhon, Feodor, and Trishka. Up stage soldiers pass to the beat of a drum.

GUERRILLA CHORUS: TENORS:

Pashla ribyata! Heave ho, together!

TIKHON:

Vazhna! Steady!

CHORUS TENORS:

Nu, nu, razem nalegli! Come friends, here we go again!

FEODOR:

Idyot! Once more.

CHORUS BASS:

Razom druzhnyeye Brothers united against the cruel invader —

CHORUS TENOR:

Druzhnyeye, po burlatski.

TIKHON:

Silen vrag, da my fsyem narodam Napoleon is strong, but our people are stronger
navalimsa still.

CHORUS:

Navalimsa They're stronger still!

FEODOR:

Adno slova, Maskva . . . We will soon return to Moscow.

CHORUS BASS:

Maskva! To Moscow!

CHORUS TENOR:

Maskva! To Moscow!

CHORUS BASS:

Maskva! To Moscow!

CHORUS TENOR:

Maskva! To Moscow!

Enter from opposite directions—Denisov and Prince Andrei Bolkonsky

DENISOV:

Skazhitye, kak naiti mnye svitleysheva? If you please, I'm looking for Prince Koutouзов.

Up stage soldiers pass again to beat of drum.

ANDREI:

Ya sam k nimu. (Introduces himself) And so am I.
Bolkonsky. My name is Bolkonsky.

TIKHON

Ei, navalisa, dyetki! Friends, let us pull together.

CHORUS:

Nu, nu, razem nalignyom! On, on, give it all you've got!

DENISOV:

Vy Knyaz Bolkonsky? Ochin rad Prince Bolkonsky? Very happy to meet you.
paznakomitsa!

Looks with kindness at Prince Andrei

Patpalkovnik Denisof

Boleye izvyestny pad imenem Vaski. I'm Lieutenant Denisov—
Though I'm better known by the name of Vaska.

ANDREI:

Vy k svitleyshemu pa dyelu? You have business with Koutouзов?

DENISOV:

Ya sastavil plan kampanii. Maya sistyema partizanskaya.
Liniya Frantsuzof slishkom rastyanuta.

Daitye mnye pitsot chelovyek S nimi ya padnimu krestyan
I chestnoye slova Vasiliya Denisova
Ya razorvu soobshcheniye Napoleona!
Nye razrushitsa li, nye razvyeyetsa li
Nye snisyotsa li prakhom s litsa zimli
Fsyto to, shto pafstrichayetsa

Na shirokom puti uragana,
Napravlenava pryama f tyl
nyepriyatelya.

Daitye mnye pitsot chelovyek.
Tolka pitsot chelovyek.

TIKHOV:

Pitsot! Nas budit nye pitsot, a
Tsyachi i tsyachi!
Vyerna gavaryu, muzhiki?

CHORUS BASS:

Tsyachi . . .

CHORUS TENOR:

Tsyachi . . .

*Enter a group of weary, dust-covered peasants from the Smolensk region. Among them —
Vassilissa and Matveyev.*

FEODOR:

Atkuda idyotye? And where do you come from?

PEASANTS BASSES:

Idyom is pot Smolenska.

MATVEYEV:

Chorny dym nat Smolenskom
padnimayetsa

PEASANT BASS:

Garit Smolensk, garit nash gorat.

MATVEYEV:

Styeny damof i kryshy rushatsa.

VASSILISSA and PEASANT BASS:

Shto pagibla narodu tma!
Gorye, gorye, stony tam!

VASSILISSA and PEASANT BASS:

Siroty rydayut nad radimym
pepelishchem.
Siroty rydayut bezutyeshna!

MATVEYEV:

A fkruk gorada maradyory ryshchut,
grabyat!

I've prepared a plan of action that makes the fullest
use of partisan warfare.

There's no doubt the French have extended their
lines too far.

Let me have but five hundred men —
I shall stir up the peasants everywhere;
And I give you my word, we'll cause such trouble
Napoleon will wish he were back again in Paris.
Like a whirlwind we shall sweep
The French off the face of the earth!
Like the tempest that brings destruction
and threatens the universe,
So is the wrath of a mighty nation
aroused to seek revenge
Against the hated foe!

Leaving with Prince Andrei

Give me only five hundred men!
Yes, only five hundred men!

Exits.

Five hundred! He asks for five hundred.
But we will give him thousands and thousands.
Comrades, am I speaking the truth?

Thousands more!

Thousands more!

And where do you come from?

Smolensk. We've come a long way.

Heavy smoke hangs low above our ravaged
homes.

Smolensk in flames, Smolensk is burning.

Walls charred and blackened houses crumbling.

Countless dead in those raging flames
Sorrow, sorrow. Death everywhere!

Homeless orphans weep among the ruins
and the ashes.
Homeless orphans sob among the ashes!

Thieves and ruffians sack our city, looting,
stealing.

PEASANT BASS:

Maradyory fsyo birut
Nicheм nye brezguyut
Rubakhu s tyela rvut!

VASSILISSA:

Brosiv vsyo . . .

PEASANT BASS:

Nyet krova . . .

VASSILISSA:

Kto v nyom byl . . .

PEASANTS:

U nas tipyer

VASSILISSA:

S vayskom nashim ushli my.

CHORUS BASS:

Kak, prishol k narodu nash Koutouзов.
Kak zyval narot on bit Frantsuzof.
Zval narot pabit Frantsuzof.
Klichet, Rus na boy svaikh synof.
Blizok sertsu materinsky zof.

TENORS and BASS:

Paspeshil na klich narot
Iz za sinikh khalmof
Iz lyesof on tichot
Iz za dalnyeva marya.

TENORS:

Zhizni nashhey nye shchadya my
paidyom.
I v boyakh zhelyeznye palki my samnyom.

BASSES:

Fsyudu chorny slyed vraga
Pafsyudu gorye ryshchet
Gdye on shol tam krof i gar
Smyatyte kolosya slyozy lyut

TENORS and BASS:

Smyatyte kolosya f chistom polye slyozy
lyut.
Ranyeny biryoski

TENORS and BASS:

Topchet vrag radnuyu zyemlyu mat.
Topchet vrag.

TENORS and BASS:

Tolka sily
Radnuyu zyemlyu mat

TENORS and BASS:

Bagatyrs koy nye slamat.
Da sily russkoy nye slomat.

TENORS and BASS:

Kak prishol k narodu nash Koutouзов
Kak zyval narot on bit Frantsuzof
Zval narot pabit Frantsuzof.

BASSES:

Synof advazhnykh, shto prishli k nimu nye
schest!

Zhyot syertsa svyataya chest i na smyert
My idyom za nashu pravdu i chest
Vrak pagibnyet. Chorny vrak pagibnyet
Tolka vorany k nimu pridut da volki

They have plundered our homes,
And even stripped the sacred bodies of our dead.

Leaving all . . .

We possessed . . .

We are homeless—

Homeless now.

We have marched with our army.

From afar came out leader, brave Koutouзов.
Calling all of us to fight those Frenchmen,
Calling every man to crush them.
Once again Mother Russia calls her children.
We will answer our mother's call!

Gladly our determined people
Arose from the mountains and valleys
That stretch to the shores of the ocean.

Shall we try to save our lives,

As we march eagerly to conquer the foe?

Far and near he has left his mark

In sorrow and destruction;
Blood and ashes follow his course.
Everywhere our golden corn is weeping

Everywhere our golden corn is weeping
Birch trees show their gaping wounds in despair.

Enemies trample Russia's sacred land.
Enemies trample—

But they will never . . .
(Russia's sacred land . . .)

Destroy our fearless hearts!
(But not our fearless hearts!)

From afar came our leader brave Koutouзов,
Calling all of us to fight those Frenchmen
Calling every man to crush them!

And swiftly countless heroes heard his call!

We go gladly to fight for our honor,
We know that we shall soon be avenged!
They shall perish—Our enemies shall perish!
Only wolves will seek them out and hungry
vultures.

TENORS and BASS:

Kozhi, rozhi nye astavim
Kosti kak mishkye fstryakhnyom
Kak blokhu yevo razdavim
Il kak lukofku sazhamyom
Znat advyedat zakhatyela inazyemna
sarancha
Bagatyrskava plichal!

SOP, ALT, TEN, & BASS:

Kak prishol atyets Koutouзов
Kak zyval narot pabit Frantsuzof.
Fstal narod velikoy siloy
Kto prishol na Rus s michom
Tot nye udyot zhyvym.

We will tear them limb from limb
O, we will grind their bones to dust.
We will burn those filthy vermin,
Let them die, for die they must!
Let the foreign locust suffer—
He was hoping for a feast,
Now alas, he will learn the cost!

From afar came our leader brave Koutouзов,
Calling all of us to fight those Frenchmen,
Calling every man to crush them.
Those who came to trample our
land shall not escape alive!

*The Partisans resume work.
Enter Prince Andrei*

ANDREI:

Denisov pyervy zhenikh yevo
Eta on, sam nye znaya kak, zdyelal
predlazheniya pitnatsilyetney
Natashe Rostovoy.
I ya lyubil yevo.
Ana kazalas mnye preispolnyenoy
tainstvyennoy sily.
I ryetkuyu silu yevo dushevnuyu
Ya panimal i lyubil v nyey,
Miluyu atkrytost, etu iskrennost
Ya lyubil tak silna itak schastliva
Ya bayalsa, shto ana dolzhna s
taski zachakhnut
zachakhnut v razlukye sa mnoyu.
Na dyele fsyo eta garazda proshche
Fayo eta uzhasna prosta i gatka.

This waiting . . . what fate awaits me?
How strange that now I should feel so calm . . .
How can I be so calm when my mind goes
wandering to thoughts of Natasha . . .
I loved her tenderly.
Her youth and radiant beauty held some mysterious
power.
How gentle and sweet was Natasha,
How naive and tender her childlike soul . . .
This I loved in Natasha, and her sincerity.
Ah what joy I found in her trusting heart!
Oh how childish! I feared that she might fall ill—
From longing and pining for me while we were
parted.
And yet—yet in reality it's so plain . . .
And all this is just so simple and ugly.

Enter Pierre—wearing a green coat and a white hat.

ANDREI:

A, vot kak! Kakimi sudbami?

Pierre, how are you? And what brings you here?

Embarrassed by the coldness of Prince Andrei's welcome

PIERRE:

Ya priyekhal . . . tak, znayete. Ya khatyel
vidyet srazheniye . . .

I was hoping—well, I only . . .
I only came to look at the battle

ANDREI:

Da, da, a bratya Masony, Katorye uchat
lyubvi k chelavyechestvu
Shto gavaryat ani a vainye?
Kak predatratit yevo?

And what about your theories?
What of your belief that war should be outlawed,
And man should be loving?
What of universal brotherhood?

Two German generals pass by.

1st GENERAL:

Vaina dalzhna byt pirinesena f
prastranstva

All war should be transported into space . . .
believe me . . .

2ND GENERAL:

O, da?

Indeed?

1st GENERAL:

O, da?

Indeed.

ANDREI:

Vot paslushaika nimyetskikh generalof

Listen to the generals—they have the answer!

2ND GENERAL:

A tak kak tsel sastait tolka f tom, Shtoby
aslabit vraga,
To kanyechna nilzya prinimat vo
vnimaniye
Patyeryu chastnikh lits

And since the objective in war is always
To weaken . . . to defeat the enemy,
We cannot stop to concern ourselves
With the fate of civilians.

Enter General Campan's Aide de Camp

AIDE DE CAMP:
Gasudar ftaraya ataka na fleshi
Generala Bagrationa adbita Ruskimi
Marshal Davu ubit, moy khrabry
General Kampan ubit.

Your majesty, may I report that the Russians have
repulsed another attack on their central bastion.
Marshal Dovoust was killed,
And also General Campan.

NAPOLEON:
Davu . . . Kampan . . .

Davoust! Campan!

AIDE DE CAMP:
Voyska gordyatsa tyem, shto
sprazhayutsa
I umirayut na glazakh u imperatora.
Prisutstviye vasheva velichestva
pavyergaet ikh
V byezumiye samozabvyeniya

Our soldiers are inspired by the sight of their
beloved Emperor
They are eager to attack the foe,
And even to die in the battlefield,
Not concerned for their own safety
But resolved to conquer or die!

NAPOLEON:
Fleshi dalzhny byt vzyaty.
Pradalzhat ataku.
Paddyerzhat korpusom Marshala Ney.

We must destroy their bastions.
Let our guns bombard them.
And send reserves to Marshal Ney's division.

Aide de Camp exits. Napoleon approaches a table on which de Beausset has ordered food to be placed. He drinks a glass in a gulp and sits down. Enter—Murat's Aide de Camp. He is almost a boy, handsome, with dark long, wavy hair.

MURAT'S AIDE DE CAMP:
Vashe velichestva, fleshi budut vzyaty,
Yesli vashe velichestva dast yeshcho
Divizion iz ryzervof.

Your Imperial Majesty, we could take the bastion,
There's no doubt we could conquer it
If only we received some reinforcements.

Napoleon turns away

AIDE: (to Berthier)
Eti Russkiye praizvadyat atsky agon
Marshal Davu kantuzhen

The Russians have opened up an infernal
artillery barrage;
Marshal Davoust is wounded.

BERTHIER:
Kantuzhen ili ubit?

They told us he was dead.

AIDE:
O, nyet, kantuzhen

Oh no, he's wounded.

Berthier makes a joyful gesture

NAPOLEON:
Ryzervy! Skazhitye neapolitanskomu
karalyu.
Shto tipyer yescho nye poldyen.

Reinforcements . . . But tell the King of Naples that
he must wait.
We have just begun, it is not yet noon.

*Napoleon converses with the Marshals
who approach him
General Beliard with his suite hurriedly
approaches Napoleon*



SCENE IX

A Peasant's hut in the village of Fili where a council of war held by Koutouzov, Barclay, Benigsen, Pavlovsky, Ermolov and others is drawing to a close. Koutouzov unconsciously strokes the hair of the little peasant girl, Malasha.

KOUTOUZOV:
Takoy vapros nam nilzya i stavit
Dakole sushchestvuyet armiya
Do tyekh por sakhranim i nadyezhdu
Schastliva davyershit vainu.
No yesli unichtozhitsa armiya
To pagibnut i Maskva i Rossiya.

If we but rescue our valiant army,
There is still hope that we may win this war!
We shall continue to fight
Till the French are driven from our fatherland.
But if the army is exposed to destruction
Then Moscow is lost, and so is Russia.

Riskavat li nam patyerey armii
Prinyaf srazheniye s nyevygadnoy
pazitsii.

ERMOLOV:
Pazitsiya u varabyovykh gor nye
vygodna.

The French are stronger, stronger in number than
we are now.
Should we attack them now and risk the loss of our
army?

It's very clear the line we hold is no advantage.

BELIARD: (Boldly, in a loud voice)
Klyanus chestyu, shto Russkiye pagibli
Yesli vashe velichestva dast yeshcho
diviziyu.

Let me assure you, the Russians will be beaten
If your majesty will give us one more division.

Napoleon shrugs his shoulders, paces and walks over to Beliard.

NAPOLEON (to Berthier)
Nada dat ryzervy. (Gestures lightly)
Kavo paslat?

Send reserves to help them.
But which reserves?

BERTHIER:
Diviziyu Klapareda.

Send Claparède's division.

Napoleon nods affirmatively

Diviziya Klapareda!

Send Claparède's division.

NAPOLEON:
Diviziya Klapareda!

Send Claparède's division.

A TENOR: (off stage)
Diviziya Klapareda!

Send Claparède's division.

Trampling of Cavalry horses is heard

NAPOLEON:
Nyet, ya nye magu paslat Klapareda.
Pashlitye diviziyu Friana!

No, I cannot risk Claparède's entire division.
Instead we will send Friand's division.

BERTIER: (Looking at Napoleon, he
quietly addresses Caulincourt)
Nye to, safsyem nye to!

Could it be things are not the same?

NAPOLEON:
Nye to, safsyem nye to, shto byla
F pryechnikh srazheniyakh.
Prezhdye, posle dvukh il tryokh
rasporyazheny,
Skakali marshaly s visyolytni litsami
Abyavlyaya trofei
Korpusa plennykh, pushki znamena
Tipyer zhe stho-to strannoye na polye boya
praiskhodit.
Voyska tye zhe, generaly tye zhe,
Ya sam tot zhe, dazhe garazda opytney.
No pachemu zhe strashny vzmakh
Mayey ruki nye dayot pabyedy?

Indeed. Things are not the same as they used to be
in the early days.
Then, no sooner had I given all my orders,

My marshals came to me so joyously,
Bringing news of success and trophies,
Thousands of men and guns, cannons and banners.
But now, I can't explain it, there's something strange
about our warfare.
The same soldiers, and the same commanders,
And I am the same, but with more experience.
Then what's the reason that I can no longer
Command my fate and win the final triumph?

*A cannon ball falls at Napoleon's feet
De Beausset runs aside with a cry*

DE BEAUSSET:
A!

*Napoleon and his Marshal stand immobile
Napoleon pushes the ball, and it rolls down
without bursting*

No znayu, shto znachit Maskva dlya
naroda.
Predlagayu srazitsa v zashchitu Maskvy.

RAIEVSKY:
Yesli resheno dat srazheniye
To vygodney iti nyepriyatclyu nafstrechu
No Rossiya nye Maskva.
Sredi synof ana
I patamu boleye fsyevo dalzhno birech
voyska.
Mayo mnyeniye astavit Maskvu byes
srazheniya
No ya gavaryu, kak saldat
Tolka Knyaz Mikhail Illarionavich
mozhet reshit.

KOUTOUZOV:
I tak, gaspada, stala byt mnye platit
Za perebytye gorshki
No sudba Rossii zavisit at pabyedy
I radi pabyedy my dalzhny ataiti.

Kagda zhe, kagda zhe reshilas eta
strashnaye dyela?

ANDREI (Semi delirious)
Tyanitsa, fsyo tyanitsa, rastyagivayetsa
I fsyo tyanitsa i nad litsom maim,
Nat samoy yevo sereidinoy vazdvigayetsa
Strannoye, vazdushnoye zdaniye
Is tonkikh igalok.

CHORUS (off stage)
Piti, piti, piti

ANDREI and CHORUS:
I piti, piti, piti
Piti, piti, piti, piti, piti, piti

ANDREI and CHORUS:
Piti piti piti piti
Piti piti piti piti piti piti

ANDREI:
Nada dyerzhet ravnavyesiye
Shtob ano nye zavalilos piti piti etc.

CHORUS
Piti piti

ANDREI and CHORUS:
Pachemu byeloye u dvyeri?
piti piti piti piti

ANDREI and CHORUS:
Shto za statuya sfinska?

piti piti piti piti piti

ANDREI and CHORUS:
Ana davit minya
Piti piti piti piti piti piti

But think what Moscow means to our people!

I propose we defend her sacred walls to the end

If we now decide not to retreat again,
Then we must be prepared to stand at Moscow.
Yet Mother Russia is not lost:
She only lives through her sons.
If we preserve them, we may be sure she will smile
again.
I say, let us retreat—abandon Moscow
And save our men.
May we now hear from our noble commander:
He alone must decide.

You say I alone speak the final word,
Meaning I alone must face it.
The fate of Russia depends
On our winning final victory;
And so to achieve our goal,
We now must retreat!
Oh, when will this terrible affair be decided?



SCENE X

*The interior of a dark hut. In a back corner Prince Andrei is lying on a bed. Near by is a
burning candle on a stool.*

High above, so strangely still . . .
This dark and gloomy cloud
Now swaying, billowing above my head . . .
An endless tower that rises to the sky,
Yet presses down upon my heart.
Shining bright like a glass in the moonlight . . .

Piti, piti piti

And piti, piti, piti
Piti, piti, piti, piti, piti, piti

Piti piti piti piti
Piti piti piti piti piti piti

I must be quiet and motionless . . .
Or the tower will come tumbling down.

Piti piti

There is something crouching in the doorway,
Piti piti piti piti

White and strangely silent, mysterious like a
sphinx.
Piti piti piti piti

Can it be only a shadow—
Piti piti piti piti piti piti

Velichavaya, f solnechnykh luchakh,
mater russkikh garadof.

Ty raskinulas pyerid nami, Maskva.
Uzh li blizitsa skorbnny tyashky chas:
Voyska russkaye dalzhno
at svyashchonnykh styen
byez boyef ataiti!
Dyerzнул kovarny vrak fstupit na nashu
zyemlyu i skora on vasplachet.
Lyubof k atyechestvu i khrabrost voyska i
malitvy nashikh nam dadut pabyedu
Pakorstvavat Rassiya nye privykla
V boyakh svabodu atstait narot.

Atyechestvu my vyernim spakoystviye i mir
drugim dyerzhavam.
V byelakamennoy matushke Maskvye

nye vazmozhet vrak vo vyek
padchinit syertsa khrabrykh volnykh
lyudyei!
Fsya usyeyetsa russkaya zimlya
nyepriyatela kastmi.

Pabyedit vraga nash veliky parot.

ANDREI and CHORUS:
Mozhet byt eta rubashka
Piti piti piti piti

ANDREI and CHORUS:
A eta mai nogi a eta dvyer
Piti piti piti piti piti piti piti piti

ANDREI:
Ya nye magu umiret ya lyublu zhizn
Lyublyu zemlyu, travu, vozdukh
Shtoby fsyo eta byla, a minya nye byla.
Atyechestva, zlataglavaya Maskva
I ya nye budu znat pro nikh!
Ya nye budu znat i minya nye budit

ANDREI and CHORUS:
I piti piti piti
Piti piti piti piti piti piti piti piti

ANDREI and CHORUS:
Piti piti piti piti
Piti piti piti piti piti piti

ANDREI:
O yesli by vazmozhnna byla uvidyet yeyo

Natasha appears on the threshold dressed in a white shirt, jacket, and nightcap.

Tolka ras, glidya v eti glaza skazat . . .
Pachemu byeloye u dvyeri?
Novy sfinks s yeyo litsom, yeyo glazami . . .
O kak tyazhol etat nyeprikrashchayushchisa
bret.

Natasha, taking a few steps, stops in the middle of the room

Fairest Moscow, your thousand towers shine
Bright and golden in the sun,
As you lie gleaming before us, lovely Moscow!
Now approaches the hour of pain and grief:
See your loyal Russian sons depart
From your holy walls
With fierce anguish in their hearts!
The treacherous foe invades our land,
But we will teach him to regret his folly.
Sustained by love of our fatherland,
We'll not submit until the final victory.
Our beloved Russia is not accustomed to defeat.
Her people will defend their freedom with their
blood.

Our one desire is peace,
Peace for us and for all other nations.
Glorious Mother Moscow enthroned
in gold and white,
You shall never know defeat!
You may know suffering now,

But the enemy will never subdue your sons!
Our Russian land shall be strewn with the bodies
of our enemies
When our mighty people rise to crush the foe!

That's lurking in the doorway,
Piti piti piti piti

Or am I dreaming?
Piti piti piti piti piti piti piti piti

I am not ready to die . . . life enchants me;
The earth is lovely. The bright sunlight
And the world will go on even though I am gone.
My fatherland! Golden domes of ancient Moscow,
Gleaming bright beneath the sun!
I shall care no more . . . and no one will care for me.

And piti piti piti
Piti piti piti piti piti piti piti piti

Piti piti piti piti
Piti piti piti piti piti piti

Oh, could I but hold Natasha in an endless
embrace . . .

Could I see once again her enchanting eyes . . .
I see something white in the doorway,
Another sphinx that wears her face,
her eyes so tender . . .
Ah, I must be delirious! A burning fever clouds my
brain!

NATASHA:

Shto'eta: Shto-ta tizholoye
stuchit vo fsye styeny . . .

What is that? Something is beating,
madly pounding . . .

Listening.

Da, eta sertse! Kakoy on? Shto at nyevo
astalas?

It is my heart beating! Andrei . . . he must be sadly
altered . . .

Natasha approaches the bed and gracefully kneels

Takoy zhe, kak fsyegda.

Alas, he must have changed!

ANDREI:

Vy? Vy? (*Smiling and stretching his
hands*)

You . . . You . . . You . . . What happiness!

Vy? Kak schasliva! Vy zhivaya,
Nastayashchaya!

You? Oh how can I believe it's you . . .

NATASHA: (*kissing his hands*)

Prastitye minya.

Oh I beg you to forgive.

ANDREI:

Za shto prastit?

Forgive you what?

NATASHA:

Prastitye minya, prastitya za to, shto ya
zdyclala.

You must forgive the harm
And the evil I did you.

ANDREI:

Yeslib ya astalsa zhyf, ya blagadaril by
Boga

Dearest, if I remain alive, I will be forever grateful

Za svayu ranu, katoraya svila minya apyat s
vami Natasha.

And thank my fate for the wound that at last has
brought us together.

Ya slishkam lyublyu vas.

I love you far too much, Natasha.

NATASHA:

Pachemu zhe "slishkam"?

Can one love too much, Andrei?

ANDREI:

Pachemu zhe "shlishkam" . . .
Nyeuzheli tolka lish zatyem sudba

Love too much, Natasha?
Can it be that fate
Has brought us together so strangely
Because I shall soon die?
I thought I had discovered the inner truth of life—
It was the dawn of love!

syevodnya nas svila tak stranna
Shtoby mnye umeret tipyer?

Ya dumal mnye atkrylas istina zhizni,
Nachala vyechnoy lyubvi

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Stavo dyna kagda ya v Atradnom uvidala
vas,

Since that summer day I saw you at Otradnoe—

Olya katoroy nye nuzhna predmyeta.

Love centered in one human being—

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Ya palyubila vas takova, takova
Nye ta lyubof katoraya. lyubit

I fell in love with you, I loved you so—
Not a love that has a goal or reason—

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Sa mnoy nikagda nikagda nye byvala
Za shto-nibut pachemu nibut.

Such a thing had never happened to me before—
But a love for the sake of love . . .

NATASHA:

Vy stali fsyem dlya minya.
Akh, zachem uyekhali tagda vy!

You became the whole world to me.
Ah, why did you leave me?

ANDREI:

Fsyo, fsyekh lyubit

Oh blissful love!

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Tiyer ya nye ataidu at vas To yest nikavo
nye

And now I shall never leave you!
To love all is to love no one—

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Kakoye strannoye nycozhidannoye
schastye!

What happiness, beloved!
What strange unexpected joy!
To love, and not yield one's life . . .

Lyubit nye zhyt zimnoy zhiznyu . . .

ANDREI:

No shto zhe, shto zhe dyelat mnye,
Kagda ya lyublyu vas, lyublyu
bolshe fsyevo

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Fsyo eta sudba fsyo eta sudba
V mirye lyubof maya, K etamu

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Lyubof k vam adnoy zakralas vnof

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Vilos f sadu Atradnom v visyennuyu noch
V mayo sertse. I privyazyvayet k

NATASHA and ANDREI:

lyubof zakralas f sertse mayo
Zhizni f sertse zakralas vnof

NATASHA and ANDREI:

Ya s vami schastye chistoye vnof abrela.
I k zhizni vnof minya zavyyot.

ANDREI:

Kak vy chufstvuyetse po dushe,
po fsyey dushe, budu ya zhyf?

NATASHA:

Yu uvyercna. Ya znayu.

ANDREI:

Kak bylap kharasho!

NATASHA:

Vam nuzhna spakoystviye,
Vam nuzhna zasnut.

ANDREI:

Zasnut . . . lyubof mishael smyerti . . .
Lyubof yest zhizn

CHORUS:

Piti piti etc.

ANDREI and CHORUS:

No atchevozh fsyo tyanitsa
Piti piti etc.

ANDREI and CHORUS:

Tyanitsa, vazdvigayetsa . . . i eta bol

Piti piti etc.

NATASHA:

Bol . . . zachem bol?

ANDREI and CHORUS:

I piti piti piti bum! piti piti piti bum!
Piti piti etc.

CHORUS:

Piti piti etc.

ANDREI and CHORUS:

Davolna! Piristan pazhalusta . . .
Piti piti etc.

ANDREI and CHORUS:

Pazhalusta
Piti piti piti

But there is nothing more for me—

I know I love you, I love you more than all else . . .

It is Fate! Yes, fate!

—Love you more than life itself . . .

This love that stole into my heart—

It began in the garden at Otradnoe—

And binds me fast to life!

Where this great love stole into my heart—

Brings me back to life again . . .

How pure and deep is my love!

This love that brings me back to life!

Natasha, tell me the truth. Don't lie— I want the
truth. Shall I live?

Yes, I know it!

Ah, could it really be?

And now you must rest awhile. Sleep
Love, try to sleep.

To sleep? Yet love will conquer death,
For love is life!

Piti piti etc.

Again this darkened tower
Piti piti etc.

Still swaying, pressing on my heart?
This fearful pain!
Piti piti etc.

Pain, beloved?

Delirious

And piti piti piti boom! piti piti piti boom!
Piti piti etc.

Piti piti etc.

Please stop it! Stop, please I beg of you!
Piti piti etc.

Enough, enough!
Piti piti piti

SCENE XI
ON THE ROAD TO SMOLENSK

*Enter slowly on his horse Koutouзов, with his retinue. Soldiers hold the trophies taken
from the French. All surround the Field Marshal.*

KOUTOUZOV:

Nyepriyatelya razbit
Za shto blagadaryu Boga, i nashe
khrabroye voyska
Blagadaryu fsyekh za trudnuyu sluzhbu
Spasina Rossiya

CHORUS:

Ura!

KOUTOUZOV:

Spasina tipyer Rossiya

CHORUS!

Ura!

Za atyechestva shli my f smyertny boy
Shol na smyertny boy narot

I salute you in this glorious moment
Of our great triumph. Almighty God has sent us
victory.
I wish to thank you all for your dauntless faith.
You have saved the land we love.

Hurrah!

You have saved our Mother Russia!

Hurrah!

Hail to all who defended our land!
Hail to those who fought and bled!

Atstoyali krofyu Rossiyu svayu
Atstoyali my krai maguchy svoy
Vyol fildmarshal nas fpiryot
Vyol na pravy za radimy nash krai
My pabyedili vrak pavyerzhen va prakh
Kryepka bilis my za schastye nashe
Slava radnoy Rossii nyepamyerknit
v vyekakh
Vyol narod na pravy boy atyets fildmarshal.
Rus velikuyu atstoyal narot
Vyol fildmarshal nas fpiryot
Razgromili my nyepriyatelya f prakh
Slava Rodinye, Rodinye svitoy
Slava armii radnoy
Fildmarshalu Koutouзов slava ura!

In that fateful hour they were steadfast and brave.
Hail to him who defended our dear land!
Brave Koutouзов was our guide
In the glorious fight for our freedom and peace.
Now all our enemies are crushed and destroyed,
Now the glorious cause is won forever.
Glory to all who fell in battle,
Faithful to death!
They shall be remembered till the end of time!
We have driven the foe from Russian soil;
Nevermore will he return . . . we have shed our
blood that our homeland might live.
Glory to our sacred motherland.
Hail to all who serve her well
Hail Field-Marshal Koutouзов and those who
fought beside him!





Sergei Prokofiev
WAR AND PEACE
Op. 91 (1941-52)
Libretto by Mira Mendelssohn

STEREO
HS 25039-3
(MGS 516)

SIDE 1

1. Overture - 4:36
2. Scene 1: Count Rostov's Garden - 12:40
3. Scene 2: A Nobleman's Ball - 10:02

Soloists of the National Opera of Belgrade
The Vienna State Opera Orchestra
The Vienna Chamber Choir

WERNER JANSSEN, Conductor

Leeds Music Co. ASCAP

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SIDE 2

1. Scene 3: Prince Belkonsky's Salon - 8:03
2. Scene 4: Count Bezukhov's home - 11:22
3. Scene 5: Dolokhov's Study - 6:05

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SIDE 3

Scene 6: The Mansion of Maria
Dmitrievna Akhrosimova - 19:42

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SIDE 4

Scene 7: Before the Battle
of Borodino - 27:23

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SIDE 5

1. Scene 8: The Shevardinsky Redoubt - 7:05
2. Scene 9: A Peasant's Hut - 8:55

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SIDE 6

1. Scene 10: A Dark Hut - 13:51
2. Scene 11: The Road to Smolensk - 5:32

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